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1832

TROY CONFERENCE

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

1882

FIRST HALF CENTURY
OF THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF THE
TROY CONFERENCE
OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY ERASTUS WENTWORTH,
MEMBER OF THE CONFERENCE IN ITS FIRST AND LAST TWO DECADES.

TROY, N. Y.:
PRINTED AT THE TIMES OFFICE, BROADWAY AND THIRD STREET.

1882.

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TEXT :—"What mean these stones?"

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SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The general-in-chief of the Israelitish forces, and leader of a great national migration, only obeyed a common human impulse when he commanded twelve stones to be taken from the bed of the divided Jordan and piled in Gilgal as a lasting memorial of a signal event in the nation's history.

The monumental instinct is universal. All ages and lands have their rude or labored mementoes of past events and times gone by. The graceful pagodas, rising story above story, a conspicuous feature of the Chinese landscape, are venerable commemoratives. So are the Druidic monoliths of Salisbury plain and the rock-wonders of Luxor, Karnak and Elephanta. Amid the silences of Persepolis and Palmyra; the Sphinxes and pyramids of Egypt; the winged bulls of Nineveh; the ruined arches and temples of Rome and Carthage; the tombs of Athens and Cyprus; successive generations of explorers—Layards, Belzonis, Champollions, Schliemans and Cesnolas pause and inquire, "what mean these stones."

Youngest in the family of nations, America already chronicles her Bunker Hill and Gettysburgh achievements in marble shafts and granite

obelisks. Yet, there are better and more enduring preservatives than these.

Historical happenings, luckily, are independent of rocks and stones which the rains abrade, lightnings and earthquakes shatter, and sands bury. Oral traditions, written records, ballads, epics, are better custodians.

The pen erects monuments more durable than brass. Customs, and public periodical observances, especially those of celebrative character, are more instructive to new generations than monumental piles. Passover and Purim were more educative to the young Jew than Gilgal stone heaps; the semi-centennial jubilee vastly more striking than the weekly Sabbath.

The fiftieth anniversary of marriage is so much more notable than the original wedding as to be fitly styled "golden." Centennials and semi-centennials are marked periods in history. American Methodism, like the American nation, has already celebrated its hundredth birth-day. The Methodist Episcopal Church will, two years hence, honor the historical Christmas that made it an independent organization.

Fifty years ago, the Troy Conference, a subsection of that church, came into being, and we are here to offer due respect to the occasion, to connect by living links 1882 with 1832; and to send, by living messengers, brotherly greetings to the conference Centennial session. Some on this floor, to-night, will survive in 1932.

In 1828, I heard a half-century sermon from my own old Norwich, Connecticut, Puritan pas-

tor, Joseph Strong, D. D., 1778-1834, preceded by Benjamin Lord, D. D., 1717-1784, who, together filled out the long period of one hundred and twenty years in the same pulpit. Naturally, it was beyond the wildest dream of a lad of fourteen, that he would, after fifty-four years, be the chosen mouth-piece of a similar occasion. Half a century seemed a period bordering on the patriarchal. Yet, the years have glided away so swiftly and smoothly, that, tonight, he stands before you, facing the verge of the allotted three score years and ten, startled to find himself so near the goal, but feeling, that, if it were Heaven's will, he could, without repining, live out another period of equal duration, and, thoroughly convinced, from his own experience, that if Methuselah had been asked if he could endure the world's wickedness for another nine centuries, he would have answered unhesitatingly that he had "no objection to trying."

In June, 1744, Mr. Wesley convened, in London, his first ministerial "conference," the germ of one of the numerous potential agencies of ecclesiastical Methodism. These annual ministerial "conversations" have traveled over the world with Methodism, entered into all its ramifications, and culminated, in 1881, in an "ecumenical conference" at City Road chapel, the first general pilgrimage to the shrine of the venerated founder, not yet, however, whatever may hap in the future, to canonize or deify him. This harmless gathering threw some few contemporary church idolizers into spasms of mirth

or throes of holy horror at the ridiculous or profane association of the sacred name, "ecumenical," with a body that did not claim to be a synod or council of clerics and bishops, but a simple brotherly "conference" of laics and preachers.

The first American Annual Conference, held in Philadelphia, in 1773, under the chairmanship of Thomas Rankin, one of Mr. Wesley's assistants, consisted, like Mr. Wesley's first conference, of ten preachers,—all English,—and represented a membership of 1160 and a chain of circuits along the Atlantic seaboard from New York to Norfolk, in Virginia. In the ten years following, notwithstanding the struggle between the colonies and the mother country, a conference session was held every year, the preachers increased to 80, the circuits to 40, the membership to 15,000.

At a called conference commencing with Christmas, 1784, the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA was founded, superintendents were elected and made presidents *ex officio*, for life. At the end of the century, sixteen years later, the new organization numbered 270 itinerants, 160 circuits, stretching from Bay Quinté, in Canada, to Augusta, Georgia, with a lay membership of 60,000.

A single conference, meeting, by adjournment or appointment, at widely separated points, to accommodate preachers scattered over such breadth of territory, was no longer possible. The number of sessions had increased from three to

twelve and twenty a year when the General Conference of 1796 distributed the circuits among six annual conferences, which became seven in 1800; nine in 1812; twelve in 1820. As the work extended, new conferences were created by annexing newly-settled territory, or by subdividing such of the older bodies as were found to be too unwieldy or wide spread. By the General Conference of 1832, the northern limb of the New York Conference, which stretched from the metropolitan city to the Canada line, something over 300 miles, was severed from the parent stock, named Troy, after one of its principal cities, and made the twenty-second member of a family of annual conferences, that now number 96, enrol 12,000 itinerants, 1,700,000 members and engirdle the globe. The Arminio-Wesleyan phase of christianity now aggregates between twenty and thirty millions of adherents, a growth that has had few parallels, notable as that of the American nation itself. Success is not an infallible measure of merit. Mere numbers are no test of worth, otherwise we must award approval, divine and human, to Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Mormonism, Spiritualism.

Methodism is not a mushroom growth. Its doctrines are those of the universal church. Its ground principles are as old as christianity, as lasting as the true interpretation of the Book of God. It is no other than christianity re-vitalized, shaken free from dead works and unprofitable traditions. It needs no apology or defence in this connection. The Troy Conference is sim-

ply a sub-section of the grand body, set for the propagation and maintenance of the christian faith, opposition to wrong and sin, the promotion of pure religion and right living. Territorially, it included ten counties and parts of three other counties in North-eastern New York, the northern half of Berkshire county in Massachusetts, and that part of Vermont which lay west of the Green mountains, since rent away, nay, rather, *wrenched* away from the parent trunk by the wretchedest empiricism ever known or heard of in ecclesiastical surgery.

Pre-history of this lake, river, mountain and valley region is not needed here. In 1609, Anglo-Dutch Hendrick Hudson, called at the south door of the future conference, and French protestant Champlain at the north, and each left his card, to be read of all generations, the one in our chief lake, the other in our principal river. French, English and Indians, in their struggles for ownership, made this whole region historic battleground, suggestive, at every turn, of defeat or success, from burning Schenectady on the south, to victorious Plattsburgh on the north, especially reminding us of the shining fact that, within a dozen miles of the Mecca of American Methodism (the Embury monument) was fought one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world," and a victory gained which advanced universal freedom and ranked Saratoga with Marathon, Arbela, Hastings, Blenheim, and Waterloo.

The tide of emigration which, between the French war and the Revolution, swept the Em-

bury family to the north, resumed its flow with the return of peace, and the hardy pilots of Methodism kept their rude, life-preserving craft upon the crest of the advancing wave. Contemporaneously with the adoption of a Republican constitution in place of a rickety confederation, Garrettson and his heroic band found their way to the log settlements of the occupants of the land-grants covering the counties bordering Champlain and the upper Hudson. Cambridge, the home of pre-revolutionary Methodism, fittingly became the first post-revolutionary centre from which evangelistic efforts pulsated throughout all that northern region. Albany, Saratoga, Pittsfield, Vergennes, Plattsburgh, successively became permanent names in the ever-widening family of circuits.

The whole period, from the Revolution to the close of the second war with Great Britain, was experimental, a time of trial for the nation, a new people, learning to live under new and hitherto untried conditions. Our new ecclesiastical life, was, in like manner, experimental. We succeeded to no old, cut and dried mediæval system, The woods of the new world had no more affinity for prayer-books, surplices and diocesan episcopacy than the nation had for sceptres and crowns, orders of nobility and robes of state. The fathers had to feel their way to order, consistency and consolidation. Duties and modes were novel, recruits raw, and life rough. It was in the midst of migratory populations, sojourning in log cabins, riding on horseback through blazed forest-

paths, or over corduroy roads, and swimming bridgeless streams that itinerant work commenced in America. No other was possible. The country had to be cleared of forests, Indians, wolves, bears, panthers, catamounts and rattlesnakes to make way for the advent of civilization.

The Methodist itinerant rode in the van of the never-ending procession of emigrant wagons till they halted, perforce, on the shores of the Pacific ocean. Forty years ago a favorite theme with New England home missionary agents was "the religious destitution of the great West." "Only twenty ministers in all Illinois." True, only twenty Congregational and twenty-five Episcopal, but *eight hundred* Methodist, two hundred traveling and six hundred local, in a population of 700,000! In 1803, Albany and Saratoga were in the Philadelphia Conference. Quarter of a century later there had grown out of this northern soil four presiding elders' districts, numbering 44 charges, 87 preachers, and 16,200 lay members. Distinguishing names were first given to the Conferences in the Minutes of 1802. New York, henceforward, alternated its sessions between the northern and southern portions of its territory. In the south it held seventeen out of twenty annual sessions in New York city. In the north it met twice (1803 and 1805) at Ashgrove. Albany entertained the body twice and Troy five times. Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, and Middlebury, in Vermont, were favored with a single sight, each, of a live bishop.

Of the 219 men in the hands of Elijah Hedding,

assisted by Robert R. Roberts, for distribution at the Green street church, New York, 1832, Troy Conference received 91, of whom 66 were elders, 23 probationers, and 2 superannuates. One-third of the effective force was veteran, two having commenced itinerant life with the century; a score more had fallen into the active ranks before 1820, and ten had been members of General Conference since it became a delegated body. The heroic age of American Methodism was already past—the age of peculiar labor and peculiar sacrifice. The saddlebag dynasty was passing away. The theological Anaks of those days were the last graduates of “Brush College,” the institution of which that eccentric polemic, Peter Cartwright, used to boast of being an alumnus. It was the last of reading the Scriptures in the original tongues, *a la* John P. Durbin, in log cabins, by the light of pitch-pine knots; the last of horseback homiletical studies—bible, hymn-book and discipline being the only text-books; the last of portmanteau book-hawking; the last of the plain garb, straight coat, wide felt hat, and foretop religiously plastered down over the forehead, after the fashion of the puritan and shaker, a fashion ridiculed endlessly by “Vanity Fair,” in earlier days, but the very top of the mode in that same “Vanity Fair,” now, the pride and glory of the young misses of the ton, known, in the slang of the hour as their “beautifully beautiful bangs.’

In 1835, Wilbur Fisk wore to Europe the conventional, straight-waisted uniform which he brought from the itinerancy to the college presi-

dential chair, and returned the following year, after representing American Methodism at the British Conference, dressed in the ordinary costume of the period. In 1811, Tobias Spicer was "discontinued" for presuming to marry while "on trial." In those days the celibate system was in full vogue. Of the 84 preachers constituting the Virginia Conference only three were married. In 1816, a married man was, for the first time, made bishop, and the celibate custom went by the board, though there are not wanting instances to suggest that while marriage is a good thing, on the whole, for the itinerancy, occasional cases of celibacy would do it no harm.

These were the days of the waning and final extinction of the circuit system. In 1832, New York city was divided into two circuits, east and west, supplied by five preachers, each, who preached in rotation; six years later, the twelve churches of the city had each its stationed preacher. The new Troy Conference sent 88 preachers to 51 appointments; twenty years later, 144 out of 169 were stationed, and there was scarcely the ghost of an old time circuit in the entire list of charges.

Men live who saw the last of conferences with closed doors, an idea that would hugely amuse a modern newspaper reporter, that ubiquitous Robin Goodfellow, busy as fairy Puck, who would

"put a girdle 'round the earth in forty minutes."

Said reporter would smile at the notion that his prying pencil, potent as a housebreaker's

jimmy, could not force any door, burglarize, if need were, the council chamber of heaven, and beat every competitor in placing its secrets in staring capitals before a generation of newspaper gourmands who seem to regard scandal and gossip as the choicest nutriment of mind and soul.

The old time quarterly love-feast tickets are not yet quite forgotten ; though modern Methodists luxuriate in express trains, palace cars and through tickets. Their fathers rode on limited passes, *vised* quarterly, and, in default of compliance with the conditions of the road, were unceremoniously put off the train by the conductor or dropped at the way stations.

We remember the days, also, when each member of conference had to leave the room while his character, habits, methods, usefulness or *uselessness*, were freely canvassed, and when, if these were not satisfactory, some method was speedily found for locating him, with his consent or without.

There is not so much talk in conferences as formerly. Even a spirited debate is a rarity. The age inclines to telegraphic brevity, despatch, directness. It was not so a generation or two ago. Small matters elicited lively discussion and every man had to have his say.

Twenty years ago there lingered among us a brother who always sat in a front pew on the conference floor, watched all the proceedings with Argus eyes and commonly had something to say on every point at issue. Full of the traditions and usages of the past and jealous for old

time precedents, he popped up twenty times during a morning session with some inquiry, some objection, some suggestion, pertinent or non-pertinent, opportune or inopportune. During one of the last conferences he attended, I dined one day with an intelligent Baptist lady, who had never witnessed the proceedings of an annual conference before and who was not, of course, familiar with the terminology of Methodist Minutes and Discipline, "effective," "super-numerary," "superannuate," though she had evidently heard of the latter. In all seriousness she put to me the embarrassing question, "who was that old gentlenan who was so conspicuous in the doings of this morning's session? I think," said she, "he is on what you call your Dotage List." It is consoling to age and superannuation to believe, though it may be only a shallow conceit, that dotage, all of it, does not belong to years, or the superannuate class. There are occasional instances of it at the other end of the line. Some are dotards at thirty, others vigorous at seventy.

The fathers did dote much and piously upon their "peculiarities,"—plain dress, plain churches, free sittings, and the like. The present race of Methodists concedes much to the general belief of mankind that religion is an affair of conduct and not of clothes, respects the heart and not the hair, is independent of bodily ornaments—flowers, silks, ribbons, steeples, pews, bells, organs, choirs and many other things abominable to the Puritan and old Methodist *regime*. De-

spite their singularities, incidental or cultivated, trivial or positively objectionable, those stalwart sons of the mountain slopes or lake and river basins, did sturdy work and used every effort to prove themselves worthy sons of the indefatigable Wesley, in the gospel.

Wesley, like Bonaparte, with a healthy body, alert mind and wiry constitution, found that he could do with six or seven hours sleep and make up any little deficiencies in the saddle. Whole generations of Methodist preachers attempted suicide by trying to follow his example, irrespective of physiological or climatical conditions. If Wesley had commenced his mission in mid-winter, in the region of the St. Lawrence river, with the mercury frozen solid in the bulb of the thermometer, six feet of snow out doors, and green wood for the fire-place within, it is safe to say that four o'clock rising and five o'clock preaching Methodists would have been as scarce as Baptists in Greenland.

Our voluminous pioneer biography bristles with incidents of labor, privation, danger and suffering. The "hardships of the early itinerants" is an ever-recurring theme. Nevertheless, one point seems to be often overlooked, and that is, that the hardships and sacrifices of the pioneer peoples were as great as those of their spiritual guides, that the best the people had, though it were only corn bread, "hog and hominy" was always at the service of the preacher. Ministers of consolation, sons of thunder, weeping Jeremiahs or wrathful denouncers of iniquity and sin,

these heralds of the Cross flamed through the land. If the incidents of their individual biography and the characteristics of their individual persons and ministry have never been written, or have faded from recollection, the flavor of their excellence and the traditions of their spirit and modes influence our lives and guide our conference deliberations to this day.

The Conference of 1832 was a live body. What has become of these noble men? The answer to this question will remind us of the changes wrought by time. Sordid souls, worshipers of the present, imbued with slight reverence for the past, and little influenced by *esprit du corps*, will reply, "who cares?" "Let the dead bury their dead." What has this rushing age to do with the fossils and fogies and mummied remains of two generations past? "A living dog is better than a dead lion." The old look backward, the young, forward, impersonations of memory and hope. Frightful bores, these Jonathan Old Bucks, with their Rip Van Winkle stories about "old times," as if any "former times were better than these!" Another class, more reverential, more inclined to sentiment, history, tradition, will heed, with becoming thoughtfulness, the solemn inquiry

"Your fathers where are they?

And the prophets—do they live forever?"

It is pertinent to the occasion to inquire what has befallen the 91 men that constituted the original Troy Conference? The General Minutes answer this question, partially. Two-thirds

of them are dead. Three-fourths of the young men who were probationers in 1832, are dead. The figures composing the number 91 are reversed. Only 19 of the 91 are known to be alive. Seven of these are in the Troy Conference, all superannuates, of from five to twenty years' standing. Ten have disappeared from view through the several doors of conference exit. Eleven still live in other conferences, nine on the retired list ; one only is effective.*

Into this ministerial close corporation have been received, in the last fifty years, six hundred and thirty men, of whom less than two hundred and fifty compose the Troy Conference to-day. Like every thing human, an annual conference exhibits the ordinary phenomenon of out-go and income, waste and supply. The lay membership, including the 6,000 carried off by the unrighteous severance of Western Vermont, despite all drains by death, secessions and removals, is twice what it was in 1832, while the ministry for the same period has increased in triple ratio, giving an effective minister to every 200 members, or one in 1,000 to the Methodist population. The tabulated history of the ministerial conference is as follows :

Original Nucleus,	-	-	-	-	-	91
Received on Probation,	-	-	-	-	-	511
Received by Transfers and other modes,	-	-	-	-	-	119
Total Conference Corps,	-	-	-	-	-	721

*Joseph Ayers, presiding elder of Bellefontaine District, Central Ohio, fifty-two years in the itinerant field.

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Deceased,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	184
Living in Sister Conferences,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	110
Discontinued after brief trial,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	80
Located permanently,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	61
Withdrawn from the connection,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	28
Expelled for various causes,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11
Members of the Conference to-day,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	247
Total,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	721

The Conference has also 118 local preachers, once a useful order, but now chiefly the “vestibule or the Botany Bay” of the Annual Conferences.

The Troy Conference may be fitly characterized as rural, its two commercial capitals, Albany and Troy, being about mid-way in rank with the first fifty cities of the Republic, classed according to population, yet it is among the foremost in clerical force, lay membership, Sunday School work and benevolent contributions. About one-fourth of the Conferences of the connection report church property of a million dollars and upwards in value. Troy stands eighth in this list, with the same grade of church debt. It ranks as tenth or eleventh in ministerial support, fifteenth in superannuate collections, several grades below what it ought to be in view of the fact that in the number of superannuates and supernumeraries it is the banner Conference of the connection! Its corps of preachers and reserves lacks only five of being equal to the whole effective force of the original body!

The Conference has always taken lively interest in education and has experienced its full share of the customary failures of popular effort in that direction.* It may felicitate itself upon its steady recognition of the grand reforms of the century; its war record; its rank and work in the quadrennial Conferences; its occasional contributions to the literature of the church;† its honor in counting in its membership two men on their way to the bishopric,‡ and another, equally distinguished, *en route* for the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*,§ its present honor in the chairmanship of the Book Committee,|| the embodied General Conference in the interval between sessions.

No less than sixty self-denying presbyters of grave character and years have, from time to time, consented to serve the Conference as diocesan overseers by episcopal grace or popular nomination, personally grateful, no doubt, for the opportunity afforded for self-sacrifice and practising itinerancy in primitive style and on first principles, with entirely subordinate reference to the fact of its being a tolerably fair passport to the general councils of the tribe and a seat among its chief sachems, since it has happened that of the fifty men who have represented the ministerial body in General Conference, one-half have been presiding elders! Nevertheless, these

*In this year of grace, 1882, it patronizes two institutions, Troy Conference Academy, Chas. H. Dunton, Principal, and Fort Edward, N. Y., Institute, Jos. E. King, President.

†Notably, F. G. Hibbard and D. D. Whedon, Commentaries.

‡John Alley and Jesse T. Peck.

§Daniel D. Whedon.

||Homer Eaton.

cabineteers have all been able, hard-working men, and the office though of less use than formerly, no sinecure.

For forty years local Minutes have been printed, a convenient Year Book, suited to an age when every interest, sacred and secular, from a tooth powder to a sewing machine, from a college society to a presiding elder's district, is promoted by some form of published periodical.

The attitude of the Conference toward the special questions that have agitated the church and nation from time to time has partaken both of the conservative and the progressive.

In 1844, the body voted overwhelmingly to let the South go and take with her an equitable share of church property according to the "Plan of Separation." The vote of the border Conferences turned the scale and converted the proposed peaceful division into rebellion and secession. On lay delegation the laity of the Conference voted for, while the clerical body voted against, the mild infusion of it that was proposed for our church councils in a spirit sufficiently fogeyish to suit its sternest official opponent, the late Edward R. Ames.

The body has had, from the beginning, stalwart preachers and herculean laborers. Its work has been mainly domestic, the motion of its inconspicuous spheres regular and orbital. An occasional comet has flashed athwart the system, engendering the usual apprehension caused by these erratics, distinguished from fixed stars by a thin, misty, transparent nucleus in the way

of head and millions of leagues of nebulous spread in the rear.

Sunflower æsthetics in the line of oratory, music, poetry, have not been over-abundant in these rustic regions. Watts, the Wesleys and the Mediævalists have rendered it well nigh impossible for any modern to add any thing to the world's stock of genuine hymns. It is a curious fact, highly illustrative of the power of culture, that the Church of England, whose fixed ritual allows slender provision for hymn singing, should, nevertheless, have been most prolific in hymn writers. Ten Episcopal hymnists find place in the new hymnal, but a Methodist hymn writer worth the name would be a *lusus naturæ*!

Taste for nature and art is no longer piously suppressed. In 1850, when Jenny Lind was entrancing New York with her divine songs, I asked Father Lane, old time book agent, if he had followed the multitude and visited the scene of her triumphs, Trippler Hall. He thanked God that he had "seen neither the inside of it nor the outside." One of our superintendents is said to have passed Niagara Falls seven times on his episcopal tours without diverging from his direct course to see a revelation of God that hundreds have crossed the ocean to reverence!

This age has little of the Quaker prejudice of the one or the Spartan devotion to duty of the other. It has studied Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, looked into Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty, read Matthew Arnold and Principal Shairp on Culture, and listened to Oscar Wilde.

While it has no leanings toward church millinery, and abhors artificial flowers like the door-keeper of an old-time love feast, it has no objection to a genuine horticultural display, provided it be not of that extravagant magnitude that makes it equally improvident for the impecunious to marry or die. Beauty is a relative word. Fashion renders the intrinsically ugly beautiful. The dress and manners of the fathers were beautiful in their time—unspeakably ugly to us. They could not help becoming obsolete.

It is equally absurd to petrify fashions, and to endeavor to force the creeds and rituals of one generation upon generations following. What is exactly fitted to one age of the world is totally out of joint with another. Cardinal truths, laws, general principles, fit all times; details, special rules, dispensations change as men change. Rome's Latin ritual is a body of death. It was a live medium when it began to be used, the language of the masses. In the run of the centuries one word after another died on the tongue of the priest till all was corpse in his altar ministrations. The fashions in dress and beliefs to-day, in a century will be as ridiculous as the ugly head-dresses of the Roman sisterhoods. All healthy growth is a process of death as well as a process of life. All healthy organisms are actively engaged in sloughing off the dead and replacing the old and defunct with that which is new, vigorous, life sustaining and life creating. Ecclesiastical organizations are no exception to this law. Rules, regulations, ordi-

nances, questions and catechisings become obsolete, and books of creed and discipline dead letter. The indefinite multiplication of questions for the conduct of quarterly and annual Conferences will not infuse life into that out of which the life and spirit have once departed. It is a question of vital importance to Methodists and General Conferences how many and what of the prudentials of the last century are fitted to this! We live in a new world, if not in "a new heaven," at least a "new earth."

The era of the organization of the Troy Conference was one of the world's transition periods. Forces were being developed that affected, unprecedentedly, the physical, civil, social and religious welfare of mankind. Every passing century has a grandeur of its own. Every part of God's creation manifests a variety that scorns repetitions and tends to the infinite. The great law of averages and compensations distributes advantages among the centuries. Each has its own revelations and inspirations, each, its full share of the wondrous and the useful. The fragment of the 19th century now under review has been especially prolific in physical and social wonders. What were some of the thoughts and doings that busied the brains and hands of men in 1832?

Morse, on a return voyage from Europe, was studying out methods of applying the electromagnetic currents (discovered by Oersted in 1819) to the transmission of thought; and developing, step by step, that wonderful system

which now clothes the globe with thought nerves, and enables antipodal hemispheres to converse with each other. Stephenson had set the whole capital world into a ferment of stock company enterprise by demonstrating in 1830, on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, the feasibility and advantages of locomotion by steam. In May, 1832, I rode on the rude cars (coach bodies on trucks) that began that season to make regular trips between Albany and Schenectady, going about seven miles an hour, the rude foreshadowing of that mighty system of travel and transportation now familiar to all lands. In 1832, Daguerre was prosecuting initial experiments in photography; Goodyear was trying to vulcanize india rubber; Harnden was meditating the express system; omnibuses, invented in France, were taking the place of hackney coaches in the cities; gas was working its way into general favor, displacing tallow candles and oil lamps; friction matches were supplanting the old flint and steel and tinder-box; cook stoves were succeeding the old time fireplace, with its array of bellows, andirons, shovel and tongs, cranes, bake kettles and long-handled frying pans; chimney sweeps armed with broom and scraper, and merry song were giving way to bootblacks, and greasy black-ball to box and liquid blacking. The immense anthracite stove business was entering with its numberless inventions, patterns and adaptations, employing, like almost every other branch of modern invention, armies of workmen and mil-

lions of capital. Since then, over ocean steam navigation and under ocean telegraphy, over continent railroads, electric lights and telegraphy have succeeded each other in a rapid whirl of evolution. Stephenson and Morse had to fight their marvelous creations—the two most marvelous of the century—into use in the face of opposing parliaments, and congresses, and popular prejudices of every description. Now, miraculous revelations in mechanism follow each other so rapidly as scarcely to raise a ripple of excitement beyond a nine days' wonder, when the novelty is put to some practical purpose and treated, after a few months, as though mankind had known its properties and uses for centuries.

I have no need to remind you of the revolutionizing influence of steam, railroads, telegraphs and the world of modern inventions upon the sublime science of human butchery. The wars of the century have shared the mighty impulse. They have been distinguished for gigantic preparation, brevity, and we are pleased to add, for humanitarian tendencies. The venerable frowning portals of Chinese exclusiveness have been battered from their rusty hinges by British cannon and an effort made, unsuccessful we hope, to set them up again at the Golden Gate of the harbor of San Francisco. Germany and Italy have been unified, France, once imperialized, twice republicanized; slavery abolished by the madness of its own defenders; the American Union more firmly than ever nationalized.

This was the era also of wonderful moral and social movements. In 1832, at a meeting in Preston, England, the total abstinence pledge was introduced and the society called teetotal. In 1832, the celebrated ethical teacher, Wayland, asked the significant question, "Is it right to get a living by selling poison and propagating plague and leprosy all around you?" In 1832, Melville B. Cox, appeared at the General Conference in Philadelphia and gave the first life thrills to foreign missionary work by offering himself, with a broken body and a fiery soul, for Africa. His dying prayer for the continent of his adoption has been answered at the head waters of the Nile and Congo in the labors, discoveries and missionary endeavors made and prompted by the noble Scotchman, whose remains in 1873 were honored with a resting place in Westminster Abbey.

In 1832, the Oregon Flatheads appeared at St. Louis, inquiring after the white man's bible and the white man's God, creating a mission which proved to be the first stone in the foundation of the empire of the Pacific. In 1832, South Carolina passed Calhoun's celebrated nullification act, antagonized the next year by the American Anti-Slavery Society, disbanded in 1870, perhaps the only instance in history where a voluntary association did not find some excuse for continuing to exist after its special mission had been accomplished. In 1832, Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon were building the first Mormon temple at Kirtland, Ohio, and setting

in motion a system whose blasphemies and abominations have never been equaled in any heathenism, ancient or modern.

Millerism and Tractarianism were both getting under way, the one to land in annihilationism, or soul sleep, the other to pave a broad highway from Anglicism to Rome.

Horace Greeley, a journeyman printer in the metropolitan city, was trying initial experiments with a penny daily, destined, within ten years, to blossom out into one of the most gigantic of modern enterprises. That Mephistopheles of journals, the New York *Herald*, was founded in 1833. The application of steam to rotary, cylinder and power presses has so enlarged and multiplied the publishing interests of the world that they count their gains by millions and their productions by myriads!

In 1832, a man who was worth \$20,000 was considered rich—in 1882, the great New York stock operator, Jay Gould, displays \$53,000,000 vested in a brace of railroads and one telegraph line to amuse an idle hour with a circle of friends. The bloated wealth of the age, growing out of improved physical conditions, is shown in the tax list of New York city, where thirty corporations are assessed on from one million to nine and a half millions; ten estates belonging to heirs, and twenty private individuals are assessed from one million to five millions each, and this only represents a fraction of their actual wealth. These fortunes, royal in proportions, are so common as scarcely to attract re-

mark in this age of wholesale. Rome had colossal individual fortunes. They represented the fruits of provincial plunder and conquest. England has had gigantic fortunes, the gifts of chartered monopolies, or the yield of oppression and extortion in dependencies and distant trade marts.

While some of the fortunes of the day are the fruits of gambling speculation, over-reaching, oppression and rascality, a goodly number of them are the legitimate outcome of business profits, investments, earnings of labor, rise in the values of stocks and real estate.

Men have learned that wholesale investments yield wholesale profits. One of the discoveries of this age of discoveries is *put money into an enterprise if you want to get money out*. It is this lavish, almost unlimited expenditure, that has made the modern press such a source of wealth to proprietors. Thirty years ago Harper's *Magazine* was commencing existence as a doubtful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars a year in literary and artistic matter, editorial ability and mechanical execution have been a magnificent investment. Its secular rivals, *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* for instance, expend as much per month as some deceased church magazines we wot of expended per year! While the agriculture, the commerce and manufactures of the age are all at wholesale, carried on on a gigantic scale, the church still conducts her enterprises on a retail basis. It is true that the doings of modern benevolent boards would

shame the humble beginnings of their originators, and that these enterprises have shared, measurably, the powerful impetus of the spirit of the age. The sight of the million dollar publishing house at 805 Broadway, would make honest John Dickins exclaim with wonder that in ninety years his modest capital of \$600, had waxed to a million. Sixty years ago, in 1821, the Methodist Missionary Society, just set in motion, reported \$800 collections for the first year, an average of barely, three mills per member; last year, 1881, the affiliated missionary benevolences of the church aggregated over \$800,000, an average of fifty cents per member.

Contributions have increased a thousand fold in two generations, but are not yet half what they should be in proportion to the enormous wealth of the church, or in comparison with the offerings of other denominations, or even of converted heathen. The ecclesiastical benevolences of the age form a striking contrast to the mammoth gains of the age. The means are ridiculously inadequate to the magnitude of the work proposed. The fifty missionary societies of the world raise only about \$7,000,000 all told, the amount that New York city pays annually for amusements. Eighteen centuries ago (it might shame us to remember) India sent three thousand Buddhist missionaries to China to propagate, by preaching and tracts, the tenets of Gautama.

Forty years ago, Feuerbach, the great German atheist, insisted vigorously on the incompati-

bility of Christianity with the times upon which we have fallen. "Christianity," he says, "has long vanished, not only from the reason, but from the life of mankind ; it is nothing more than a fixed idea, in flagrant contradiction with our fire and life assurance companies, our railroads and steam carriages, our picture and sculpture galleries, our military and industrial schools, our lecture theatres and scientific museums."

It is our opinion that Christianity will yet vindicate its right to live in the enlistment of all the newly discovered powers of the 19th century, for its furtherance and propagation. Hope and fear and sympathy are undying. Reverence will always seek an object and that object will not be the god that Feuerbach worships—MAN. Slowly, but surely, the church of God is utilizing all the potencies of the times. The gospel flies on the wings of steam to the most distant lands ; bibles are printed and circulated by steam ; steam presses annually shower abroad millions of pages of Christian literature. Through the telegraphic currents the heart of the hitherto lonely missionary now throbs in daily and hourly sympathy with the great heart of the church at home.

In this age of social and physical changes, nothing has been more remarkable than the decline in theological controversy that has taken place within the last generation. Our immediate predecessors belonged emphatically to the church militant. They were armed at all times *cap-a-pie* for war, offensive and defensive, on

Calvanism, exclusive communion, and "isms" of every kind. Methodism was contemned and despised by all. In 1832, the distinguished William B. Sprague, of Albany, published a volume of revival lectures supplemented by twenty letters from the most distinguished divines of the century, college professors, princes in the various denominations, Wayland, Baptist; Alexander, Presbyterian; McIlvaine, Episcopal; who all gave their ideas on revivals, with many a warning against "excitement," "cant," "enthusiasm," "exaggeration," "clap-trap," and much praise of "genuine revival," "not spurious," but, never a letter or a word from a Methodist, the representative of the revival church *par excellence* of the century.

What has wrought the remarkable change in the attitude of Christian denominations toward each other? Common schools have been a unifier; the combined hostility of infidels, Jews and papists to the school system has unified protestants; Sunday schools have been a potential unifying factor; young men's Christian associations have leveled the barriers of creed; missionaries have not dared to hoist hostile banners in the presence of a common foe on the shores of heathenism; temperance, anti-slavery, and other benevolences have drawn Christians together. Polemics have disappeared in the face of actual war, bloodshed and conflict. All classes feel the change. Even Roman Catholic orators no longer call us "infidels" and "heretics," but speak of us as "separated brethren."

A reminiscence of the Conference of 1832 is relevant. It was the year of the advent and destructive ravages of the Asiatic cholera, and we well remember the terror that its dreaded approach inspired. In mid-June the news broke upon the startled conference that the world-scourge had reached Whitehall from Canada, and was on its way to the city. The Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, a delegate from the general association of the churches in New York, came to make a statement to the conference that the plague was close at hand, and to suggest that a delegation from the Methodists meet one from the other Churches to consider what should be done in the premises. Nathan Bangs and Samuel Merwin were made a committee, and a day of common fasting and prayer was appointed. What was the parent of this then unwonted courtesy? was it fright? or faith in Methodist prayers! Will the near future bring further and closer unification of christians, or the contrary; will coming years witness further disintegrations and subdivisions, or will they hail grander efforts to consolidate and integrate? Why should not all the denominational missionary societies of the country be placed under one common grand management like the American Bible Society? What but pride and ambition hinders federal union between northern and southern Methodists? It is objected that a resulting constituency of 20,000 ministers and 3,000,000 members would, ratioed as now, make General Conference unwieldy. Certainly; but why does a church of

3,000,000 need a legislative assembly as large as that of the United States which represents 50,000,000? What need of anything more than a senate of bishops, and a representative assembly of one minister and one layman from each annual conference? Shade of William H. Perrine tell us why!

Brethren of the Troy Conference: Three-fourths of you are young men, men in the prime of life, all of whom have united with the body within the last twenty-five years. Of the remaining one-fourth two-thirds are out of the active field. There comes a time when God and the church call a man out of the work as surely as they originally called him into it. The vigorous manhood of some of you will carry you far into the next century, and what a host of silent social changes will not you and the coming half century witness? The passional preaching and exhortation of the past have given place to the intellectual. The occupants of the school house bench, rough out-door plank, or free seat in a plain free church were wont to say to the occasional circuiter "move us!" The elegant cushioned pews of to-day say to the salaried graduate of college and theological seminary "instruct us," "entertain us." In another fifty years the æsthetic may have displaced, entirely, the emotional and intellectual. Imposing ritual may have usurped the place of gospel preaching altogether, and Methodism, if protestant at all, may be of a piece with that High

style that has been characterized as the "varioloid of Romanism."

What the church edifices of 1932 will be may be judged from what has been. Troy, in 1809, was a village of 3,500 inhabitants. A handful of Methodists, about 130, built, without being able to finish, a small white wooden church in the outskirts of the village, on the shores of a duck pond, at a cost of six or eight hundred dollars. Eighteen years afterward, the society, numbering 430, still undivided, erected a brick edifice costing \$7,000, then one of the finest churches outside of New York city.

Forty-four years later (1871) after ten churches had been carved out of the original society, 350 members remained to build an elegant stone edifice at a cost of \$100,000. From wood to brick the increase was ten-fold, from brick to stone, twelve to fifteen fold. If wealth rolls up for the half-century to come as it has during the last fifty years, State street can easily improve twenty fold on the last outlay, which will imply an architectural investment of two millions of dollars! a vision of 1932, which makes us tremble for the bones of Embury. In 1832, John N. Maffit placed an epitaph over them which promised that Ash Grove should be their "last resting place." How like sarcasm this will sound when the relics of this new St. Philip shall be the gold-enshrined attraction of a hundred Methodist Cathedrals between this and the Pacific Ocean!

The preacher of the Troy Conference of to-day has a vastly more complex and extended

routine of duties than his predecessor of fifty years ago. The old-time, hard-riding itinerant preached three times on Sunday to different congregations, and every day in the week, to widely scattered populations, exercising but little pastoral supervision, and that little through the class leaders. The incumbent of to-day is pastor as well as preacher, combining, in theory, evangelistic labor with the pastoral. The class leader pastorate went out of existence when the circuit system went out. In proportion as a work is evangelistic it fails signally to be pastoral. The itinerancy has reduced itself to a limited pastorate. With people and preachers clamoring to have that limitation extended or taken off altogether, how long before the present system of annual and triennial changes will follow the class and circuit systems !

The loss to primitive Methodism, Methodism pure and simple, in the abrogation of the circuit system was incalculable. Methodism at once lost its evangelistic character. It congregationalized the churches, it destroyed the community idea. It became, every man, every church, for self. Preachers and people no longer worked, as bees work, in clusters, for the good of the hive. The limited pastorate, Methodistically considered, proved a poor substitute for the circuit system. If Wesley were to return to earth and resume control, he would break up the pastoral and restore the evangelistic. "The preachers," said Asbury, in substance, "all want to get into the cities and stay there. I

will show them how to get into the country."

When stationed in New York he circuited all about on Long Island, in New Jersey and up the Hudson wherever he could find hearers. He got the General Conference of 1804 to pass the two year rule of limitation to get some "star preacher" out of Albany, who was disposed to stick to the city indefinitely. Individual churches may flourish, but it is at the expense of destitute districts in cities, and neglected neighborhoods in the country. To build up a single interest, the temporary pastor excuses himself from all others. It is impossible to do two things at the same time, and do both well. The effort to work the evangelistic and limited pastoral side by side has not been a distinguished success; something like trying to ride two horses at once, or to trundle two wheelbarrows by the same hand.

The class-pastorate was a superb idea, and worked well on a small scale, but like a thousand inventions buried in the Patent Office, which worked beautifully in model, it failed to operate successfully on a grand scale. The death of classes has been the want of leaders, and frightful dearth of material to make leaders of. A clerical pastorate was inevitable, but an itinerant pastorate is a contradiction in terms. It fails to supply the great human hunger for permanent leadership. The problem of the hour is can the time limit be extended or removed without destroying the connectional bond, and bringing in sheer selfish independency?

The calls upon the time and attention of the modern preacher are endless in number and variety, and perplexingly modified by the changed habits of society. He finds the last century directions of the discipline conflicting with the business modes of the day, work hours, school hours, meal hours, social calling customs, the seclusion and inaccessibility of households, the season of the year, winter holiday recreations and summer, wood and sea-side, vacations. The leader or preacher who would catch his members now must intercept them on the run. In addition to preaching and Sunday and week-day evening services, the modern minister must look after a great number of financial interests. Fifty years ago only one of fifteen questions proposed at Conference was statistical, the report of "number in society." Now, the general minutes present, in appalling array, forty solid columns of figures, two-thirds of which the preacher is expected to supply at the point of the bayonet, as, next to preaching, the most vital element of his ministerial vocation.

Exacting societies, pressed by debt, suffering from slovenly or incapable management, or stimulated by ambitious rivalry with prosperous neighbors, demand of the appointing power the best talent in the conference for their ministerial supply.

For \$800 a year, half the wages of a head mechanic, they want financial ability like Jay Gould's; learning like Adam Clarke's; eloquence like Whitefield's; piety like John Fletcher's; a

young man with the wisdom of a veteran ; one who will be always in his study, and yet always on the street, "visiting from house to house," who will lead class like Carvosso ; interpret bible like Miss Smiley ; be a Vincent in Sunday School, an Ives or Kimbal on church debt ; sing in prayer meetings like Philip Phillips or Chaplain McCabe, and compete successfully in revival work with evangelist Harrison, or a national camp meeting.

It is a fair picture of the times to say, that he will be lucky, if some inland charge does not press him to personate Daniel in the lion's den in an operatic cantata, got up to buy books for the Sunday School library ; or if the Ladies' Aid Society, on whom a magnanimous board of masculine officials has thrown the brunt of the church finances, does not set him at a fair or festival to dishing sloppy ice cream at fifteen cents the small plate, or to ladling out oyster soup at fifty cents a stew, in which two lean and lonesome bivalves float in a pint of lukewarm water, tinged with milk !!

What will the Troy Conference of 1932 be ? Lift for a moment the curtain that hides futurity. The physical features of this romantic region will remain the same. Mansfield, king of the Green Mountain range, will nod across lovely Champlain to Marcy, monarch of the Adirondack group. The lakelets of the north woods will send their cool and pellucid stores to form the incipient Hudson, to be swelled as it rolls, now in smooth reaches and now in tumbling falls and

foaming cataracts by the Schroon, the Sacandaga, the Kills and the broad Mohawk, till it becomes an arm of the sea, and proudly bears the commerce of the nations. Holy Horicon, island gemmed, and Saratoga with its sparkling, world-famed fountains, will be thronged as now with health seekers and summer loiterers.

But what shall be the changes wrought in social life by human invention and divine revelation? No man dare prophesy. Grand as have been the achievements of the century, it is conceivable that those of the future will be grander. It is humbling to vanity to reflect that the proud locomotives, elegant palace cars, saloon steamers, beautiful and efficient fire engines, magnificent variety of manufacturing and farming apparatus, convenient gas, kerosene, telegraph, telephone and electric illuminators will be just as antiquated and laughable to the Trojans of 1932, as the lumbering vehicles, rude implements, sanded floors, hand looms, tallow candles, tin sconces, foot stoves and warming pans of our immediate ancestors are to us to-day.

Slow and old foggy shall we seem to generations that ride on noiseless trains with the velocity of storm-winds; that navigate oceans in submarine crafts below the realm of tempests and out of the reach of surface agitations; that fly through the air on the wings of steam; that dispel night-darkness and pale the moon with electric suns; that may put wool and silk and cotton into one end of a machine and turn out ready-made suits, and printed books at the other,

when bicycles shall out-speed horses ; and when telegraphic and telephonic communication shall put distant states and people in contact, antiquate slow-paced postal service, and even render attendance upon the sanctuary to listen to sermons unnecessary. Millennial indeed will be the condition of the world, if its social and religious development keeps pace with the wide promise of the physical. What posterity will think of our dress, our speech, our inventions, our social and religious modes, is of less consequence to us than what they will think and say about our work, our objects, character and aims.

Shall we appear, to them, as heroic as the itinerant fathers appear to us? Shall we, like them, immortalize the John Brown heroism that is born of self-sacrifice, conflict, victory? We have discovered most happily that it is ignobly fratricidal to war on our fellow christians, that it is a Don Quixote battle with wine skins to slash madly at theologico-metaphysical abstractions. Our enemies are concrete. The offspring of the times. Wholesale production has generated wholesale vices. It is not a single commandment that is here and there, infringed, but a grand railroad smash-up of all the tables of the law. Respect for God and man are old-time superstitions. The restful Sabbath is converted into a day of laborious revelry or stupefying dissipation. Marriage is lightly set aside by divorces. Robbery is no longer the taking of purses on the highway, but the stock operation that swindles banks and cities and individuals

to the tune of hundreds of thousands and millions. Politicians and legislatures are often a bye-word and a hissing. Partisanship swallows up patriotism. Bribery is systematized.

The enemies we have to contend with are the concreted vices of the times. The labor question, the monopoly question, the war of the white race upon the dark ; of the Southern, particularly of uneasy South Carolina, upon the blacks ; of demented California upon the yellow ; of vacillating politicians on both, these are the open problems in christian ethics to-day. The christian minister's business is to save, both the sinned against and the sinners. The preacher's first and highest mission is, not the sanctification of saved saints, but the salvation of unsaved sinners. If a steamer blows up at a wharf, and hundreds are struggling for life in the river, the first object of every philanthropist will be to save as many from immediate destruction as possible. Furnishing dry clothes and clean suits will be an after thought, benevolent but secondary.

Progress is the pet watchword of these progressive times, but highest progress is not always forward movement. In some things seeming retrograde is real advance. Some things come complete from the hand of God, and some things were perfected by human ingenuity ages ago. In pursuit of these, return to first principles is highest progress. In poetry we cannot improve on Homer or Isaiah ; in ethics we find

nothing superior to the ten commandments, or the sermon on the mount. In architecture we cannot go beyond the Grecian orders, or the Gothic of the middle ages. In creed and worship we cannot improve upon the simplicity of the New Testament. Progress here is out of the question.

Protestantism was progress when it went back to New Testament principles and rejected the theatrical substitutes of mediævalism in christian worship. Methodism has had little regard for calendar christianity, that reverence for "times and seasons" so annoying to the apostle Paul. We have retained the forms of the fathers in all their bald simplicity. Have we their enthusiasm? Spurgeon prays "Lord give us the earnestness and fire of the early Methodists." Professor Hopkins, of the Auburn Theological Seminary, laments the cold "silence worship" of the Presbyterians. His reviewer says, "we sit bolt upright, stock still, dumb as oysters, and let the preacher and choir monopolize the entire worship after the most approved style of the Romish mass." Prof. Hopkins envies the Methodist the privilege of an occasional "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Bless the Lord!" Alas! in Methodist congregations and even in Methodist conferences these vocal expressions of feeling are becoming, like angel's visits, few and far between. The British parliament vents its approbation of a speaker or sentiment in the enthusiastic "hear!" "hear!" The successful operatic composer or performer in Italy, or the victor

in a Spanish bull fight is saluted with loud "bravos !" The political stump speaker is greeted with cheers and hurrahs, and the popular sovereign or leader honored with heaven rending shouts and acclaims.

When Dr. Coke, ninety-five years ago preached to the theatre going West Indians, they applauded his sermons as they did their favorite plays and actors, with hand clapping and stamping. The audiences of Beecher and Talmage stimulate the eloquence of Plymouth church or Brooklyn tabernacle in the same way. Opera house General Conferences adopt opera house styles of performance. Business meetings and lectures, held in our churches, copy General Conference manners and do the same. This mode of demonstration is beginning to force itself (as in the Guiteau trial) into courts of justice, though it is felt to be exceedingly out of place there. It is specially repugnant to worship hours and the house of God. Yet it is as natural for strong religious feeling, as it is for secular, to seek vent in vocal expression ; as natural to express accord with a preacher as with a lecturer, a public singer, a rostrum or stump political speaker. Methodism from the first, has encouraged ejaculatory responses, and has regarded them as perfectly fitted to the place and occasion. The pulpit has relied on the pew, not for applause, to feed personal vanity, but for inspiration, and especially for the divine aid vouchsafed in answer to united prayer. Scripture ejaculations have ever been felt to be in perfect

harmony with the house and worship of God, perfectly consonant with the style of religion which the followers of Wesley profess. Harmonies in music form not a fitter running accompaniment to a stirring melody than does a running undertone of suitable ejaculatory responses to a prayer or sermon with those whom religion makes happy. And what is genuine Methodist religion? not doctrine but spiritual experiences; not Sinai but Zion; not Moses and the law, but Christ and the gospel; not the opening poems of the book of psalms, wailing, discouraged and imprecatory, but the last, pæans of praise and thanksgiving; not Romish purgatory and Calvinistic despair, but Arminian hope and perennial heaven; not the gloom of Gothic Cathedrals, but the light Grecian, roofed with the blue heavens, and full of glorious sunshine; not bile, nor misery, nor spasmodic rapture; not momentary ecstasy, nor laughing gas, but a happiness beaming, in unclouded sunlight, from the face of God, permanent as the lustre of the stars, full as the flow of the full river or the waves of the abundant sea. Holy hearts and sanctified voices found better modes of giving expression to feeling than political hurrahs. Hosannahs took the place of huzzahs. Hallelujahs were the natural vent for irrepressible ebullitions of holy rapture. The *in excelsis gloria* of ritualistic christianity set to a thousand grand strains of music, became the good square old English word "glory" on the lips of the young convert or the happy christian. The gospel preacher, instead of

being obliged to carry his congregation, (a fearful load for a single pair of shoulders,) found himself buoyed by the enthusiasm of multitudes, not seldom borne aloft on the wings of a chorus of "amens" to the third heaven of Whitefieldian eloquence. The man who could not preach with such backing had good reason to doubt his call to the gospel ministry! What a rush of holy memories comes over us as we recall the days of the full exercise of this right arm of Methodistic power! What storms of Methodist applause did Edmund S. Janes and Noah Levings evoke in conferences as bible agents! What memorable instances occur to each and all of the reciprocal zeal, power, and magnetic influence of pew and pulpit? Photography preserves for us the features and forms of the later fathers, would that phonography perpetuated their inspired flights; those of Seymour Coleman, for instance, at the Petersburg camp in 1863, eloquence indescribable! fitted to wake responses from the tongues of the dead! Would that "shocks from the battery" lived in the living accents of Benjamin Pomeroy, and were not buried in the silent pages of a printed book! The "amens" of the prayer book are all arranged with studious attention to that decorous order which churchmen worship and love so well, but if any thing would provoke a crowd of kneeling, warm-hearted christians to interject "amens" promiscuously, "hit or miss," it would be one of the extempore prayers, of forty years ago, of Jesse T. Peck or Truman Seymour.

No Abel Stevens, now in the midst of a tempest of shouts and tears, preaches at Eastham, till they pull him away from the book board! No Francis Hodgson, in the neighborhood of cultured Philadelphia, leaps sheer over the breastwork into the camp meeting straw, in his burning passion to get sinners converted and saints sanctified! Camp meeting fervor has evaporated. Round Lake is as decorous as State Street.. We apologize for the excesses of the fathers, and are annoyed with a few chance vocal "amens" in the midst of a prayer or sermon. Yet, some of us have seen times when the pew has overwhelmed the pulpit, when the shouts of happy saints have accomplished results which the sermon and preacher failed to secure.

What shall we say of our ever lengthening death roll? At six sessions, only, in fifty years has the answer to the question, "Who has died this year?" been "None." On every other year, sometimes as high as seven a year, the great harvester has claimed his sheaves. Memorial services have become so common as to be perfunctory. Funeral sermons and set eulogies are out of fashion, and formal obituaries, made up of dates and common places, are the dullest things in literature. The "In Memoriam" of the Annual Minutes excites less interest than a newspaper column detailing the latest criminal execution.

For once, if only once, in fifty years, let us put away indifference, and the hired undertaker's ostentatious woe, and ask "how did these fellow

heralds die? A score went suddenly as if by lightning stroke. Fifty others sank into insensibility or struggled with over-mastering pain and disease, or confined themselves to general declarations of soul peace and readiness to live or die.

Full fifty others left positive dying testimonies, those which christians love to hear so well, ranging all the way from the language of simple trust in God in the hour of death, to the highest expressions of rapture, triumph, victory. What a rich legacy to the church are these precious last words! The sacraments are often administered to the dying. Methodist preface to the sacrament is a love feast, and the love feast a wealth of glorious experiences! What an unparalleled love feast would the death-bed utterances of the loved and lost of Troy Conference furnish forth!

Coles Carpenter, who heads the roll of the departed, went breathing forth "glory! glory! glory!" as long as breath lasted. Wright Hazen, among other beautiful things, said "the cradle of death is fast rocking me away to eternity—and I am sure it rocks easy!" James B. Houghtaling, secretary of the conference for the first nineteen years of its existence, drops his pen with the exultant shout "I am going to my home in heaven!" The venerable Elias Vanderlip is "pluming his wings for flight!" The wretched cripple Ryder breathes out his soul with the gentle aspiration "Jesus! Jesus!" The beloved Moriarty ejaculates, "Glory to God! all is well!" Datus Ensign, "Jesus is precious! he is my all in all." The venerable Spicer, un-

poetic soul! in the midst of a night of excruciating suffering inquires, "What time is it?" "Past twelve." "Then it is morning, henceforth, it shall be no more, 'good night,' but always 'good morning.'" Sherman Miner cheers the watchers by the entrance of the dark valley, shouting as he enters, "there's light ahead." James Quinlan, "a flood of glory fills my soul!" Halsey W. Ransom, as he nears the fanes of the New Jerusalem, cries with the rapture of a tired traveler, "I see the city!" Eri Baker exults "I never expected such a victory! Hallelujah! dying is a pleasure! It pays to be true to God!" Hiram Harris triumphs, "O the glory! I have seen the king in his beauty!" Hiram Chase, at the end of a troubled pilgrimage of seventy-six years, says "Such a lighting up of the glory of God in my soul, I never experienced before." The venerable Araunah Lyon has "glorious visions of Christ! It is all glorious in the Lord! Every thing is as clear as light!" Edward Turner had the doors of his sick room open to all comers, that he might teach his people how to die. "I expected," said he, "that Christ would be my support when death approached, but I had no idea that he would so fill my soul with love and joy." The impulsive Elisha Watson exultantly cries "To God in the highest, be glory!" "Angels all in white," flood with celestial radiance the death chamber of the youthful Melville Senter, as he reiterates "Heaven!" "Glory!" "Jesus!" "Blessed Lord!" "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" Did

cherub bands, after the fashion toward conquerors of old, unharness the steeds of fire, and drag with their own hands the chariot of that triumphing spirit, with thunders of hosannah, through the gates of the beautiful city? Surely, Troy Conference sustains the righteous boast long since put forth for Methodism, "our people die well."

So may we all die! in holy confidence, if not in exultant rapture; in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, followed by the regrets that always attend the departure of the good; and worthy of that sublimest eulogy ever pronounced over the coffin of mortal, voiced direct from heaven, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord! yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works follow them."

In our posthumous influence lies our true immortality. How long we shall be remembered depends upon the depth and ineffaceableness of the impressions we have made upon our contemporaries. No need, then, of blocks of granite and marble over our graves to challenge the inquiry "what mean these stones!"

In the young men before me, just entering upon the second half-century of Troy Conference existence, I address possible college presidents, bishops, general conference officials, men who will combine the wisdom of Hedding with the holiness of Hamline and the energy of Janes; the silvery eloquence of Fiske and the lightning flashes of Durbin with the learning of McClin-

tock, and the sweeping irresistibleness of Olin ; or, those, on the other hand, whose quiet lives may be passed in rural districts, and pioneer labors. It matters not. The work of each and all will be felt and remembered. The death-bed exhortation of the expiring era is "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

The dates of the year 1900 and upward will be written upon few of our tombstones. Ours will be scattered graves. The itinerant is buried where he falls. No conspicuous headstone marks the place of his rest. His true monument will be the love and veneration of saved souls, comforted human homes and hearts. A single ray is lost in the effulgence of the sun, but it travels on and on forever, bearing warmth and lustre in its infinite flight. The glory of the individual is the glory of the body of which he forms an integer. Next to being a christian is the glory of being a minister in the church of God, subordinate to that is the glory and honor of being a member of a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church! We call on 1932 to show a century of work that shall give the Troy Conference a proud place in history, entitle it to the gratitude of millions, and the respect of mankind.

TROY CONFERENCE.

INITIAL SESSION.

Held in conjunction with the New York Conference, in New York, June 6th, 1832, Elijah Hedding, assisted by Robert R. Roberts, presiding.

Names marked with star *, deceased; † living in 1882; ‡ unknown.
Superannuated, Cyprian H. Gridley,* Ibri Cannon*.

Charges.	Preachers.	Numbers.
TROY DISTRICT.	Arnold Scholefield, P. E.*.....	5,215
Troy	Buell Goodsell*.....	577
West Troy	Freeborn G. Hibbard†.....	80
Albia	Edwin F. Whiteside*.....	109
Chatham and Nassau	Seymour Coleman*.....	877
"	Alden S. Coopert.....	...
"	John Pegg*.....	...
Pittsfield	Jarvis Z. Nichols*.....	209
Dalton.....	Henry Burton*.....	345
Petersburgh.....	John M. Weaver*.....	515
"	John G. Barker†.....	...
Hoosic and Bennington	Wright Hazen*.....	340
Cambridge.....	Stephen Remington‡.....	561
"	Henry Smith*.....	...
Washington.....	Jacob Beeman*.....	574
"	William F. Hurd†.....	...
"	Sherman Miner*.....	...
Pittstown and Schaghticoke	Roswell Kelly*.....	785
"	James Caughey†.....	...
"	Jacob Hall*.....	...
Lansingburgh and Waterford.....	Timothy Benedict*.....	243
SARATOGA DISTRICT.	Henry Stead, P. E.*.....	5,842
Albany, South.....	John B. Stratton*.....	305
" Garretson.....	Thomas Burch*.....	349
Schenectady.....	Salmon Stebbins‡.....	243
Watervliet	Joshua Poort.....	280
Berne	John W. Denniston‡.....	1,136
"	Hiram Meekert.....	...
"	Henry Eames*.....	...
Johnstown.....	Samuel Covel*.....	347
"	William D. Stead*.....	...
Spraker's Basin	James B. Houghtaling*.....	122
Northampton	Cyrus Meekert.....	759
"	Orrin Pier*.....	...
"	Samuel Howe*.....	...
Halfmoon	James Quinlan*.....	574
"	William Amer*.....	...
"	Gilbert Lyon*.....	...
"	Andrew McKean*.....	...

Charges.	Preachers.	Numbers.
Saratoga and Mechanicville....	Daniel Brayton*.....	664
" " "	Thomas Newman*.....	
" " "	Datus Ensign*.....	
" " "	William Anson*.....	
" " "	John D. Moriarty*.....	
Luzerne.....	Henry R. Coleman†.....	344
Warren.....	Joseph McCreary‡.....	560
Sandy Hill and Glen's Falls....	Coles Carpenter*.....	159
MIDDLEBURY DISTRICT.		
Middlebury.....	Tobias Spicer, P. E.*.....	3,201
Monkton.....	Peter C. Oakley†.....	201
Charlotte.....	Joseph Ayres†.....	346
Westport and Essex.....	Joseph Eames†.....	214
" " "	Hiram Chase*.....	530
" " "	Barnabas Hitchcock*.....	
Ticonderoga.....	Amos Hazleton*.....	204
" " "	Orville Kimpton*.....	
Bridgport.....	Samuel Eighmy*.....	253
Leicester.....	William Ryder*.....	209
" " "	John Alley*.....	
Pittsford.....	Elias Crawford*.....	310
" " "	Asa C. Hand‡.....	
Wallingford.....	Christopher R. Morris*.....	241
Whitehall and Castleton.....	Elisha Andrews*.....	311
" " "	Charles P. Clarke‡.....	
Poultney.....	Friend W. Smith*.....	105
Granville.....	Reuben Wescott†.....	187
PLATTSBURGH DISTRICT.		
Plattsburgh.....	Samuel D. Ferguson, P. E.*.....	4,234
Grand Isle and Alburgh.....	Truman Seymour*.....	145
" " "	Lewis Potter*.....	330
" " "	John Fraser*.....	
Highgate.....	Jacob Leonard†.....	280
Sheldon.....	Benjamin Marvin‡.....	552
" " "	Josiah H. Brown*.....	
Fairfield.....	John P. Foster*.....	420
" " "	Hiram Knapp‡.....	
Stowe.....	Orris Pier*.....	352
Milton.....	Luman A. Sanford†.....	217
St. Albans.....	Joseph D. Marshall*.....	190
Burlington and Essex.....	Elijah Crane*.....	100
" " "	Abiathar M. Osbon†.....	
Chazy and Champlain.....	Ephraim Goss*.....	461
" " "	Milton H. Stewart*.....	
" " "	John W. B. Wood†.....	
Beekmantown.....	Joel Squier†.....	247
Peru and Redford.....	Dillon Stephens*.....	410
" " "	Araunah Lyon*.....	
" " "	John W. Belknap†.....	
Jay.....	James R. Goodrich†.....	435
" " "	Albert Wickware*.....	
Keeseville.....	Merritt Bates*.....	15

MEMBERS OF CONFERENCE DECEASED.

Names.	Born.	Entered Conf'nce.	Died.	Age.
Coles Carpenter....	March 17, 1784	1809	Feb. 17, 1834	50
Andrew C. Mills. ...	Dec. —, 1807	1833	 1835	28
Arnold Scholefield.	 1800	1810	 1837	..
Wright Hazen.....	 1800	1827	Nov. 12, 1838	38
Philetus Green.	July 16, 1809	1833	Feb. 10, 1840	31
Amos R. Ripley.....	 1808	1839	June 17, 1842	34
Gilbert Y. Palmer.....	 1814	1838	Dec. 31, 1842	28
Daniel Holmes.....	August 24, 1802	1832	Oct. 5, 1843	41
William D. Stead.....	 1799	1832	Jan. 6, 1844	45
Charles Sherman....	Oct. 20, 1803	1830	March 10, 1844	41
James Covell, Jun....	Sept. 4, 1896	1816	May 15, 1845	49
Thomas Kirby.....	July 23, 1815	1837	July 10, 1846	31
Alfred Saxe.....	Sept. 5, 1814	1843	Oct. 8, 1846	32
Samuel Eighmy.....	 1789	1814	March 4, 1847	60
Daniel F. Page.....	 1768	1835	 1848	..
William Anson.....	 1768	1800	July 17, 1848	80
Elias Vanderlip.....	 1764	1802	Sept. 3, 1848	84
William Ryder.....	June 27, 1805	1831	 1849	44
John D. Moriarty ...	August 1, 1793	1820	June 18, 1849	56
John P. Foster.....	 1788	1829	 1849	..
John Lindsay.....	July 18, 1788	1809	Feb. 20, 1850	62
Chester Lyon.....	 1789	1839	Oct. 19, 1850	..
Henry Eames.....	June 23, 1774	1800	Sept. 6, 1851	77
James F. Burrows....	Feb. 10, 1826	1848	April 2, 1852	26
Elijah B. Hubbard....	 1799	1834	April 22, 1852	53
Cyrus Bolster.....	 1818	1845	Feb. 17, 1853	35
Oliver Emerson.....	 1814	1834	April 22, 1853	39
Datus Ensign.....	Oct. 16, 1783	1804	 1853	70
Richard Griffin.....	 1823	1849	July 1, 1853	30
John Bannard.....	Jan. 6, 1820	1850	May 11, 1854	34
Valentine Brown.....	June 6, 1806	1839	Sept. 24, 1854	48
Henry Stead.....	April 10, 1774	1804	Oct. 18, 1854	80
Josiah H. Brown....	 1810	1832	Jan. 7, 1855	45
Harvey S. Smith.....	 1820	1843	April 8, 1855	35
Elijah Chichester....	 1778	1835	Aug. 21, 1855	77
Jas. B. Houghtaing..	Oct. 9, 1797	1828	 1857	60
Thomas B. Pearson..	Sept. 28, 1827	1850	Nov. 6, 1857	30
Samuel Howe.	March 20, 1780	1802	Feb. 16, 1858	78
Edward S. Stout.....	Feb. 15, 1812	1833	Aug. 3, 1859	47
Stephen Stiles.....	Feb. 10, 1800	1833	Aug. 24, 1859	59
Ahriah H. Seaver....	 1810	1859	Oct. —, 1859	..
Albinus Johnson.....	 1823	1847	March 2, 1860	37
Samuel Covell.....	 1810	1821	 1860	..
William N. Fraser....	 1810	1836	Oct. 19, 1860	50
Dillon Stevens.....	April 6, 1794	1822	Jan. 10, 1861	67
Egbert H. Foster.....	 1823	1845	Feb. 14, 1861	38
Christopher R. Morris	Jan. 26, 1807	1829	May 14, 1861	54
Joseph Conner.....	July 5, 1810	1840	Dec. 27, 1861	51
Tobias Spicer.....	Nov. 7, 1788	1810	Nov. 13, 1862	74
John Haslam.....	 1802	1833	Feb. 3, 1863	60
Jacob Hall.....	 1794	1816	April 19, 1863	69
John B. Stratton.....	 1785	1811	June 20, 1863	78
Lewis Potter.....	Sept. 26, 1806	1830	July 15, 1863	57
Andrew M'Kean.	July 28, 1777	1802	Dec. 19, 1863	86
Orrin Pier.....	March 7, 1797	1819	Oct. 16, 1864	67
Sylvester W. Cooper..	Oct. 31, 1839	1861	Nov. 23, 1864	25
Samuel H. Hancock..	June 21, 1825	1849	April 5, 1865	40
Sherman Miner.....	March 14, 1793	1815	Feb. 16, 1866	73
James Quinlan.....	Feb. 15, 1793	1818	Aug. 19, 1866	73
Ephraim Goss.....	April 15, 1794	1829	Nov. 6, 1866	72

Names.	Born.	Entered Conf'n'ce	Died.	Age.
Halsey W. Ransom.....	1811	1848	March 26, 1867	56
Jacob Beeman.....	March 12, 1780	1809	Feb. 15, 1868	88
Alpheus Wade.....	June 14, 1801	1838	July 26, 1868	67
Norris Mihill.....	1823	1866	Oct. 3, 1868	45
Stephen L. Stillman.....	April 15, 1795	1823	April 2, 1869	74
Isaac Parks.....	Sept. 6, 1803	1834	April 15, 1869	66
David W. Gould.....	1824	1850	May 5, 1869	45
Merritt Bates.....	July 12, 1806	1827	Aug. 23, 1869	63
David Lytle.....	Oct. 31, 1826	1855	Oct. 13, 1869	43
Ensign Stover.....	May 15, 1815	1839	May 8, 1871	56
William R. Brown..	March 7, 1828	1850	June 8, 1871	43
Eri Baker.....	1833	1866	Feb. 18, 1872	39
Bennett Eaton.....	Dec. 31, 1806	1850	March 7, 1872	65
Hiram Harris.....	July 19, 1824	1852	1872	48
John M. Weaver....	July 5, 1792	1829	May 12, 1872	80
Albert Champlin...	Dec. 3, 1809	1834	June 18, 1872	61
Henry A. Warren...	March 30, 1839	1870	June 29, 1872	34
Cyprian H. Gridley..	1787	1808	Aug. 28, 1872	85
Berea O. Meeker...	May 13, 1816	1838	Jan. 3, 1873	56
Asaph Shurtliff.....	1802	1853	Feb. 3, 1873	71
Paul P. Atwell.....	March 28, 1801	1843	June 13, 1873	72
Jas. H. Patterson...	March 16, 1810	1833	Dec. 24, 1873	63
Samuel Young....	March 22, 1794	1833	Jan. 26, 1874	80
Alvin Robbins.....	July 5, 1816	1841	April 10, 1874	58
Alanson W. Garvin..	April 14, 1813	1843	June 19, 1874	61
Sylvester P. Williams	April 16, 1809	1831	Sept. 14, 1874	65
Milton H. Stewart..	1831	1831	1874	80
Alfred A. Farr.....	Aug. 29, 1810	1839	Nov. 4, 1874	64
Truman Seymour...	Jan. 25, 1799	1829	Nov. 15, 1874	75
William C. Butcher..	Oct. 30, 1841	1869	Dec. 14, 1874	33
Alexander Dixon...	June 9, 1799	1836	April 12, 1875	76
Chester Chamberlain	Jan. 19, 1807	1834	July 30, 1875	68
John F. Crowl.....	1824	1843	Sept. 14, 1875	51
Bernice D. Ames...	Dec. 26, 1827	1857	Jan. 5, 1876	48
Melville A. Senter...	March 24, 1847	1867	Feb. 1, 1876	29
Hiram Dunn.....	Feb. 5, 1812	1836	March 1, 1876	64
Araunah Lyon.....	Oct. 24, 1804	1831	Nov. 6, 1876	72
Newton B. Wood.....	Nov. 8, 1814	1840	Dec. 8, 1876	62
Hiram Chase.....	Feb. 1, 1801	1827	Jan. 9, 1877	76
Seymour Coleman...	Dec. 23, 1794	1828	Jan. 23, 1877	82
George S. Gold.....	Nov. 11, 1813	1841	Feb. 21, 1878	65
Charles C. Gilbert..	1843	1843	March 13, 1878	..
Timothy Benedict...	May 25, 1795	1817	May 6, 1878	83
John L. Cook.....	Jan. 7, 1819	1846	May 15, 1878	59
John Thompson....	Aug. 20, 1800	1840	July 9, 1878	78
William W. Atwater	Feb. 15, 1814	1842	Aug. 3, 1878	64
Edward Turner....	June 23, 1832	1858	Nov. 30, 1878	46
Elisha Watson....	Feb. 15, 1822	1846	Jan. 11, 1879	57
Matthias Ludlam...	1843	1843	March 19, 1879	60
Ward Bullard.....	Feb. 8, 1810	1838	May 21, 1879	69
John Pegg.....	1800	1832	Aug. 26, 1879	79
Benjamin Pomeroy..	1806	1835	May 12, 1880	74
Warren B. Osgood..	Feb. 5, 1844	1868	Aug. 17, 1880	36
Benjamin S. Sharp..	Oct. 11, 1834	1858	Nov. 1, 1880	46
George J. Brown...	Nov. 12, 1839	1868	Dec. 1, 1880	41
William Bedell.....	Nov. 25, 1820	1848	Jan. 27, 1881	60
Chas. B. Armstrong.	Oct. 14, 1848	1872	May 13, 1881	33
Henry Smith.....	June 30, 1803	1832	May 18, 1881	78
Charles H. Leonard	1836	1836	May 24, 1881	69
Joshua Poor.....	Dec. 31, 1797	1825	Nov. 28, 1881	84

CONFERENCE SESSIONS.

Session.	Date	Place.	Presiding Bishop.
1	August 28, 1833	Troy, N. Y.	Bishop Hedding
2	August 27, 1834	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	" Hedding
3	August 26, 1835	Albany, N. Y.	" Emory
4	June 22, 1836	Pawlet, Vt.	" Waugh
5	May 31, 1837	Troy, N. Y.	" Hedding
6	June 6, 1838	Keeseville, N. Y.	" Morris
7	June 5, 1839	Schenectady, N. Y.	" Hedding
8	June 17, 1840	Middlebury, Vt.	" Roberts
9	June 2, 1841	Albany, N. Y.	" Soule
10	June 1, 1842	Burlington, Vt.	" Hedding
11	May 21, 1843	Troy, N. Y.	" Waugh
12	June 19, 1844	West Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	" Hamlin
13	May 7, 1845	Schenectady, N. Y.	" Hedding
14	May 27, 1846	Keeseville, N. Y.	" Jones
15	May 26, 1847	Albany, N. Y.	" Morris
16	June 14, 1848	Troy, N. Y.	" Hamlin
17	May 30, 1849	Sandy Hill, N. Y.	" Hamlin
18	May 29, 1850	Saratoga, N. Y.	" Morris
19	May 21, 1851	North Adams, Mass.	" Jones
20	June 16, 1852	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	" Jones
21	May 11, 1853	Schenectady, N. Y.	" Waugh
22	May 10, 1854	Albany, N. Y.	" Jones
23	May 9, 1855	Troy, N. Y.	" Simpson
24	June 18, 1856	Burlington, Vt.	" Morris
25	May 20, 1857	Pittsfield, Mass.	" Baker
26	May 18, 1858	Middlebury, Vt.	" Ames
27	May 18, 1859	Saratoga, N. Y.	" Jones
28	April 11, 1860	Lansingburgh, N. Y.	" Baker
29	April 17, 1861	Albany, N. Y.	" Ames
30	April 16, 1862	Troy, N. Y.	" Scott
31	April 15, 1863	Fort Edward, N. Y.	" Baker
32	March 30, 1864	Amsterdam, N. Y.	" Simpson
33	April 5, 1865	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	" Kingsley
34	April 18, 1866	Cambridge, N. Y.	" Jones
35	April 17, 1867	Pittsfield, Mass.	" Clark
36	April 8, 1868	Albany, N. Y.	" Scott
37	April 14, 1869	West Troy, N. Y.	" Kingsley
38	April 28, 1870	Burlington, Vt.	" Ames
39	April 12, 1871	Troy, N. Y.	" Scott
40	March 27, 1872	Saratoga, N. Y.	" Jones
41	April 24, 1873	Gloversville, N. Y.	" Peck
42	April 15, 1874	Schenectady, N. Y.	" Foster
43	April 21, 1875	Glen's Falls, N. Y.	" Ames
44	April 12, 1876	Albany, N. Y.	" Scott
45	April 18, 1877	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	" Foster
46	April 17, 1878	Lansingburgh, N. Y.	" G. Haven
47	April 23, 1879	Bennington, Vt.	" Harris
48	March 31, 1880	Burlington, Vt.	" Peck
49	April 20, 1881	Glen's Falls, N. Y.	" Wiley
50	April 19, 1882	Troy, N. Y.	" Simpson

GENERAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES.

Twelve Quadrennial General Conferences have occurred in fifty years, to which the Troy Annual Conference has sent the following clerical delegates: Timothy Benedict, 1848 and '52; John E. Bowen, 1868; Stephen D. Brown, 1852, '56, '64; William R. Brown, 1868; Chester F. Burdick, 1872; John Clarke, 1848 and '52; Seymour Coleman, 1844; James Covell, 1844; Hiram Dunn, 1860; Joel W. Eaton, 1876; Homer Eaton, 1872 and '80; Samuel D. Ferguson, 1836; John Frazer, 1848 and '52; Buel Goodsell, 1836; Ephraim Goss, 1860; Oren Gregg, 1864; William Griffin, 1856, '60, '64; Thomas A. Griffin, 1876; Barnes M. Hall, 1848, '52, '56; Peter P. Harrower, 1860; Bostwick Hawley, 1864; James B. Houghtaling, 1840 and '44; William H. Hughes, 1880; David P. Hulburt, 1856 and '60; Joseph E. King, 1864; Noah Levings, 1836 and '40; Lorenzo Marshall, Samuel McKean, 1880; Merritt B. Mead, 1872; Samuel Meredith, 1868 and '72; Sherman Miner, 1836 and '40; John Newman, 1860; Peter C. Oakley, 1836; Stephen Parks, 1856; Jesse T. Peck, 1844, '48 and '68; Zebulon Phillips, 1852 and '56; Rodman H. Robinson, 1868; Hiram C. Sexton, 1872; Truman Seymour, 1840 and '44; Charles Sherman, 1836 and '40; Tobias Spicer, 1836, 40, '44, '48; Deseignia Starks, 1852, '60, '64; Henry L. Starks, 1856 and '60; Jno. W. Thompson, 1880; Sanford Washburn, 1856 and '72; Elisha Watson, 1872; John M. Weaver, 1844 and '48; John M. Webster, 1876 and '80; Reuben Wescott, 1852; Erastus Wentworth, 1868, '72, '76; Andrew Witherspoon, 1848, '52, '56, '60, '72.

LAY DELEGATES—William Wells, 1872, '76; Hiram A. Wilson, 1872; George L. Clarke, 1876; Henry M. Seely and Joseph Hillman, 1880.

A superannuate of the New York Conference, Nathaniel Kellogg, says in a recent letter, "let me give you a specimen of an old fashioned estimate for the keeping of a young aspirant to a city pulpit" in a charge which now probably pays its pastor a salary of \$3,000.

"At a meeting of the official members of the station, it was proposed to raise for the support of our beloved preacher for the current year, four hundred dollars, estimated as follows:—"

Flour, including other bread stuffs.....	\$30 00
Beef and pork (salted), fish and fresh meat.....	40 00
Butter and cheese	12 00
Sugar, molasses, tea and coffee.....	10 00
Oil and candles.....	7 00
Pepper, Alspice, salt and ginger.....	8 50
Milk bill.....	9 00
Preserves	2 00
Wood.....	36 00
Add for incidentals	10 50
Disciplinary allowance self and wife.....	200 00
Two children	35 00
Total	\$400 00

"Voted that this be allowed the preacher, *provided we can raise it!*"

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